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The Morgue, July 29. 79.

My dear Taylor:

Your letter - it was "long, long, long on the way" - I got it in my waiting arms last night, and made me glad. I was too busy to answer them, and am too hurried, flurried and worried with a lot of Kicksam-work to answer now, but I am going to lay my iron hand on a wriggling moment to tell you that I love you - And you needn't take my word for it, but ask Doctor Cooper. I have thought about you many, many times, and wanted you with me. You were here so short a time - I tried to express it in the little poem, but didn't half - though I am delighted to know you heard my voice in it, at least.

Did you ever fancy yourself a fish - kindo' comfortably swimming along under - say about four - inch ice, nosin' around for an air-hole or something, and suddenly

have some fellow spanning the butt
of a six-pound ax just above
your bump of remuneration? - Well,
that's something like the way I
felt reading that part of your letter
regarding your lecture on "Riley
The Poet" etc. That was an awful
blow to me - positively - 'cause I,
like the rest of my fellow towns-
men, "didn't think it was in me."
But God bless you for your good
words, and for the great, great
good your friendship does me.
I mustn't lose you! - Feel like
I need you, and will always.

The Tribune will be sent you
and - here! - You must contribute
to it. Will you? The Editors
know of you, and have asked
me to do the averture, and here
it is. We have the best literary
people of the state in it - Riley's
in it, and he wants you with
him, then he will be glad core-deep.
- In the meantime, the galvanizing
John C. Walker has just completed

a go-see for the next issue, and
 wants me to enclose it to the
 Low flat-lander, so look out!
 You'll see it a week before the
 public does, and I hope you'll
 love it that much more.

Soon I'll be over in Illinois.
 Expect to start for Effingham
 and Robinson in a week, or
 two at the farthest. Are they
 near you? Got to get out and
 raise some money, and have an
 offer — a chance, rather, of work-
 ing up a few readings out there.
 Will you give me a line at
 once? Do you get my "Gym-
 nastics"? If not, write me that
 you want 'em, and they're yours
 as are I — till death!

J. W. Alden